

THE WORKHOUSE TENOR

By Sondag Nellim.

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The cleric veered, with kindness aforethought, and supplied a crumb of comfort instead of censure.

"The way of the transgressor may anon be bordered with roses of sweet peace and solitude. The



Looked Up Through the Bars to the Sky.

moments of bygone days may drift back to you and tide your souls heavenward. In your hearts you are not bad. You have perhaps sinned and your sins have identified you. But that does not hold you from about-facing to home and loved ones, who still trust you. There is good ahead. When you have paid the county its penalty be

sure you show that sin's identity was not complete."

It was song service day at the workhouse.

"Now," said the minister, "let's sing that good old song, 'Bless'd Be the Tie That Binds.' Everybody sing. Many of you have good voices."

The little chapel organ began and the leaders pitched the tune. Before the second verse was reached the chapel was filled with music. Then—

The visitors bent forward and scanned the faces of the prisoners. A voice somewhere among them rang out in rich tenor, clear and clean as a clarion call. It carried its notes as might a super-chorister. The old song echoed and re-echoed through the cell halls, and the tenor led all the rest.

There was a voice that might have drawn encore and encore from the most fastidious and critical audience. Yet it was among the prisoners. But where.

The third verse was beginning when the rapturous tenor was located. His head was thrown back and his eyes, beaming with some secret vision, looked beyond the rafters. He was singing the song of a feathered throat, warbling and swelling, gliding and dwelling. He was not aware that he was being watched, that his song was heard. Then he dropped his eyes, as if drawn by the magnetic gaze of the curious and saw—

A note wafted over the room half sung.

Next day music lovers went